

Of your name, or his scape. *Enter 2. Friends.*

*Iay.* Pray heaven it hold so.

*2. Fr.* Be of good comfort man; I bring you newes,  
Good newes.

*Iay.* They are welcome,

*2. Fr.* *Palamon* has cleerd you,  
And got your pardon, and discoverd *(Daughters,*  
How, and by whose meanes he escapt, which was your  
Whose pardon is procurd too, and the Prisoner  
Not to be held ungratefull to her goodnes,  
Has given a summe of money to her Marriage,  
A large one ile assure you.

*Iay.* Ye are a good man  
And ever bring good newes.

*1. Fr.* How was it ended?

*2. Fr.* Why, as it should be; they that nev'r begd  
But they prevaild, had their suites fairely granted,  
The prisoners have their lives.

*1. Fr.* I knew t'would be so.

*2. Fr.* But there be new conditions, which you'l heare of  
At better time.

*Iay.* I hope they are good.

*2. Fr.* They are honourable,  
How good they'l prove, I know not.

*Enter Wooer.*

*1. Fr.* T'will be knowne.

*Woo.* Alas Sir, wher's your Daughter?

*Iay.* Why doe you aske?

*Woo.* O Sir when did you see her?

*2. Fr.* How he looks?

*Iay.* This morning. *(She sleeps)*

*Woo.* Was she well? was she in health? Sir, when did

*1. Fr.* These are strange Questions.

*Iay.* I doe not thinke she was very well, for now  
You make me minde her, but this very day  
I ask'd her questions, and she answered me  
So farre from what she was, so childishly.  
So sillily, as if she were a foole,

*An*

An Inocent, and I was very angry.

But what of her Sir? *(as good by me)*

*Woo.* Nothing but my pittie; but you must know it, and  
Asby an other that lesse loves her:

*Iay.* Well Sir.

*1. Fr.* Not right?

*2. Fr.* Not well? *Wooer,* No Sir not well,

*Woo.* Tis too true, she is mad.

*1. Fr.* It cannot be.

*Woo.* Beleeve you'l finde it so.

*Iay.* I halfe suspected

What you told me: the gods comfort her:

Either this was her love to *Palamon*,

Or feare of my miscarrying on his scape,

Or both.

*Woo.* Tis likely.

*Iay.* But why all this haste Sir?

*Woo.* Ile tell you quickly. As I late was angling  
In the great Lake that lies behind the Pallace,  
From the far shore, thicke set with reedes, and Sedges.

As patiently I was attending sport,

I heard a voyce, a shrill one, and attentive

I gave my care, when I might well perceive

T'was one that sung, and by the smallnesse of it

A boy or woman. I then left my angle

To his owne skill, came neere, but yet perceivd not

Who made the sound; the rushes, and the Reeds

Had so encompass't it: I laide me downe

And listned to the words she song, for then

Through a small glade cut by the Fisher men,

I saw it was your Daughter.

*Iay.* Pray goe on Sir?

*Woo.* She sung much, but no sence; onely I heard her  
Repeat this often. *Palamon* is gone,

Is gone to th wood to gather Mulberies,

Ile finde him out to morrow.

*1. Fr.* Pretty foule.

*Woo.* His shackles will betray him, hee'l be taken,

*I 2*

*And*